

# Gone Shootin'

AC/DC

Feel the pressure rise  
Hear the whistle blow  
Bought a ticket of her own accord  
To I dunno  
Packed her heart in a travellin' bag  
And never said bye bye  
Something missing in the neighbourhood  
Of her cryin' eyes  
I stirred my coffee with the same spoon  
Knew her favourite tune  
Gone shootin'  
My baby gone shootin'

Wrapped herself around  
Like a second skin  
Backed her favourite nag  
But she could never win  
I took an offer in another town  
She took another pill  
She was runnin' in overdrive  
A victim of overkill  
She never made it past the bedroom door  
What was she aiming for  
Gone shootin'  
She's gone  
Gone gone gone

Gone shootin'  
My baby's gone shootin'

Gone shooting, how am I gonna get her down  
Gone shooting, look out look out look out  
Gone shooting, she can hurt someone  
Gone shooting, yeah she sure is loaded  
Gone shooting, she's gone gone gone gone she's gone  
Gone shooting